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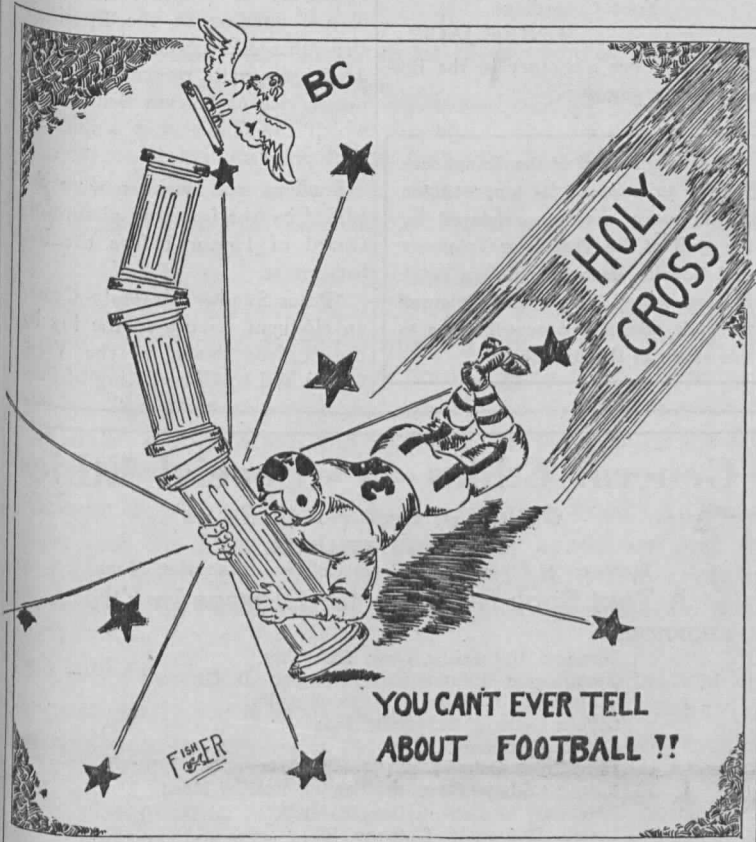
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CRUSADERS PREPARED TO UPSET THE MIGHTY EAGLES



SPORTS EDITOR OF GAZETTE REVIEWS CRUSADERS

By ED SCANNELL
Sports Editor, Worcester Gazette

Holy Cross, eager to atone for a somewhat disappointing season, approaches the finale with Boston College after having experienced more than its share of woes.

Looking back over the record, it seems that the Crusaders have suffered a series of blows that started with the opening of Fall practice in September, and has shown few signs of abating as this all-important classic nears.

Confident that the more than usual heavy losses of men like Jim Turner, Johnny Bogdan, Bill Collins, Walter Walewski and Si Titus from the line, Bill Histen, Johnny Reardon and Bob O'Reilly from the end squad, and the brilliant Ronnie Cahill and Hank Giardi from the backfield, would be offset by the reserve force, the coaching staff attacked its job with no misgivings as to the future and no inkling of what was ahead.

First came the news that Win Oliverio, a promising freshman field general, would not return. Jackie Whalen, another rugged quarterback also failed to resume his studies. Then came the information that the hard-plunging Bruno Malinowski would not be available, at least until late in the season.

In spite of these losses, Holy Cross hopes ran high, first when Providence College was beaten and then when the team came back to whip Carnegie after a disastrous defeat at Baton Rouge by Louisiana State.

Going back over the season, here's how it looked . . . That surprising performance by Adrian Dobson of L. S. U., who never again reached the same heights, and the tenseness on the return trip until it was definite that Joe Potenza was not seriously injured . . . The comeback against Carnegie, but then the injury to Capt. Jack Kellar, only real veteran in the line and a tremendous loss to the Purple . . . Capt. Kellar's heroic efforts at the Yankee Stadium, when he not only went into the game with a leg injury, but played through when his other leg was injured . . . And the thrills of that catch in the waning moments of the half close to the goal line that was ruled incomplete, only to be followed by the catch by Frank Calabrese, an unheralded reserve, that left the Purple fans in a frenzy of delight.

The curtain might well be drawn over the results of that game, because the thrill of a victory was more than offset by the hardest blow that Fate had dealt the Crusaders all season. Tommy Sullivan, sparkplug of the backfield, the man around whom the coaches had built their greatest hopes for a strong attack, was hurt and lost to the team until after the Manhattan game.

(Turn to Page Three)

A. A. HEAD PREDICTS CROSS VICTORY OVER B. C.

By TOM McCABE

I am firmly convinced that Holy Cross will defeat Boston College in varsity football at Fenway Park in Boston on Saturday. The wish isn't father to the thought either.

Twice at gatherings within the past month I have expressed the hope that Boston College would come down to its final game with Holy Cross undefeated. I have publicly stated that Holy Cross will win, but more on that later.

It is a pleasure, quite as well as an honor and duty, to speak to you all at this time on a subject which very vitally affects our whole college life. I mean our varsity football.

I shall be very frank, and I hope we better understand each other when I have finished. I am your representative in the collegiate athletic world and you have a right to know what I am thinking and what I have been doing. We have too big a proposition to fool with in any way.

Don't think for a minute that Very Reverend Father Rector, that Father Phelan or that I have not carried heavy hearts over the setbacks which our boys have suffered in this varsity

(Turn to Page Seven)

LEAHY "FEARS" CRUSADERS

Regardless of what else he may be called, coach Frank Leahy of the Boston College Eagles will never be termed an optimist. It was after the Georgetown game, one of the greatest victories in the history of the Maroon and Gold, that the genial B. C. mentor was interviewed concerning the Holy Cross game. Putting his charges through their paces on the Heights gridiron, he looked anything but jubilant over the victory which his team had rung up at the expense of the Hoyas. As a matter of fact he was worried, or so he said, about the outcome of the Auburn game. "The team was keyed up for the Georgetown game," he said, "and I'm afraid of a letdown. Auburn is no pushover."

(Ed. Note—B. C. 33, Auburn 7). Leahy was friendly and evidenced a willingness to talk, that is, about anything but his Eagle grid machine. About them he would say little, deftly shifting the conversation to other channels on the slightest suspicion of a leading question. The closest he came to praising his star studded aggregation was in reply to a question regarding how his current B. C. array compared with the teams he had coached at Fordham as Jim Crowley's right hand man. He conceded that the Eagles "are far more versatile." "The Rams," he said, "were strong defensively but lacked scoring punch."

(Turn to Page Five)

Powerful Eagles Highly Favored

Underdog Crusaders Grimly Determined To Surprise Foe

The Eagle hunt is on! A battered Holy Cross Crusader, smarting from wounds sustained in his poorest season in years, goes after the Boston College Eagle Saturday at Fenway Park in Boston. This year's B. C. Eagle is no ordinary bird, as we all know. This is the biggest, toughest, scrappiest, most talented bird of prey at the B. C. roost in many a year.

Superlatives are not adequate to describe Frank Leahy's undefeated, untied Boston College eleven. It is no exaggeration to say that B. C. has everything. In this club Holy Cross meets its most highly ranked and dangerous opponent in years. Tops in the East, the warriors from Newton are currently ranked with the country's greatest. Make no mistake, you Purple fans, this Boston College eleven is mighty!

Coach Frank Leahy has done a fine job with Les Eagles. Equally potent on offense or defense, they have yet to be conquered or dead-locked by a 1940 opponent. Center, St. Anselm, and Idaho fell by large scores before the Steam-roller. B. U. (21-0), Temple (33-20), and Manhattan (25-0) bowed to superior power. Favored Tulane was rudely jolted, 27-7. Leahy's charges completely outclassed Auburn last Saturday, 33-7, to give them their worst drubbing in many a day. Then, of course, there was that thrilling 19-18 clash between two great gridiron powers, B. C. and Georgetown, in which fray the Maroon and Gold machine rose to superlative heights in victory. Now, only the Purple of Holy Cross stands between their ancient rivals and an undefeated season, plus a sure bid for a Bowl Game.

B. C. boasts two forward walls of almost equal ability. From end to end each frontier is as rock-ribbed an aggregation as any Coach could wish. All-American Gene Goodreault and Henry Woronicz are the ranking ends. Joe Manzo, Al Morro, John Yauckoes (the 265 pound miniature mountain), and Al Levantis share the tackle berths. The guard spots on the first line are capably taken care of by versatile George Kerr and Joe Zabilski. Giant Chet Gladchuck and Walt Dubzinski are practically a toss-up for the pivot spot. Spelling Goodreault and Woronicz at the extremities are Alec Lukachik, place-kick artist, Ed Zabilski, Don Currian, Dolph Pasiuk and others. Substitute guards are Al Fiorentino, Joe Repko, Dave White, converted from end, and Tony Tassinari. We could write paragraphs about any one of these talented performers.

(Turn to Page Five)

Undergraduate Club And Alumni Of Boston To Hold Dance And Rally

As the strains of "Give another shout" and "For Boston" faded into the dusk of Fenway Park next Saturday afternoon, another football season will be just about over. We say "just about" because on Saturday night the Boston Undergraduate Club is sponsoring a H.C.-B.C. dance at the Hotel Sheraton, and no gridiron season would be complete for you Bostonians, as well as all those who will be in the vicinity, unless you have the chance to swing and sway with all your fellow Crusaders.

The music will be provided by The Crusaders under the able direction of Al Dwyer, and along with Al, Chairman Dick Foster, '41, has lined up a Conga band. It will be the first time since the Junior Prom of 1938 that an undergraduate dance has been graced with two bands, and it promises to be a very lively affair. Not only have you the sweet swing of the Crusaders, but you also have the Latin rhythm of the Conga. Fellows, we don't see how you can pass it up!

Dancing will be from 9 to 12, and as you all know the bids are \$2.00 per couple. Any of the boys on the dance committee will be glad to help you out, so don't be afraid to ask them more about it, if you still aren't certain about it.

Rev. Father Rector has declared Wednesday, Nov. 27, a holiday. Thanksgiving recess, therefore, will begin at close of classes today, Tuesday, Nov. 26.

In an atmosphere of determined confidence, the like of which has not been seen for years, Cross men from every quarter will gather at the University club Friday night to relive college days and toast a resurgent football team which may well provide the year's greatest national upset.

Dr. Charles J. E. Kickham, '23 and his untiring committee have been laboring diligently to make this rally the best ever. General admission for the affair is one dollar, but a special rate has been granted to all students. Upon presentation of some means of identification, plus the nominal sum of fifty cents, undergrads will be graciously admitted to the best pep rally of the year.

Former Cross luminaries will be guest speakers of the evening. Hilly Mahoney, '25, All-American end, Phil O'Connell, '32, all time Cross back, and Fred Ostergren, '14, will relate many of their past experiences here on the Hill.

Rev. J. Bryan Connors, S.J., former moderator of the TOMAHAWK and now Faculty Director of Alumni, and Bill Richardson, the senior class president, will represent the college at the rally.

Bill Histen, '40, Jim Moran, '35, and Jim Zyntell, '33, will present a quiz on Cross sports with the one and only Tom Meehan, '10, as the Quiz Master.

The man who draws the lucky number at the door will receive two tickets to the game.

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WHY BE THANKFUL?

An atmosphere of grumbling and discontent seems to pervade a large part of the American scene at this Thanksgiving time. The war, with all its off-shoots and ramifications, seems to be peeping around every corner we approach; the unemployed are still wondering when they'll get work, or hoping they won't be offered any (there seems to be a difference of opinion as to which is the case); labor is dissatisfied; capital is dissatisfied; and the Holy Cross football team has lost four games . . . all in all, many are despondent and blue.

All those troubles may be very true and real, but, nevertheless, we still have some grounds for offering thanks. The United States is, nominally at least, still at peace. We can offer thanks to God that we still have an opportunity to do something — to see that the United States remains at peace. We can be very thankful that our homes are not being blasted by bombs, that our families do not cower in dingy bomb-shelters during the night. We can be thankful that we ourselves are not being sent out every evening to blast other men's homes and kill their families.

Yes, we have one thing to thank God for — Peace. And we can thank Him, too, that we still have time to pray and work to keep this precious possession.

PURPLE AND MAROON

The gridiron clash between Holy Cross and Boston College annually excites a vast amount of interest in New England and throughout the East in general. As far as the northeastern states are concerned, it is a "Big Game" comparable to the Harvard-Yale contest. Since the series' inception in 1896, the games have generally been close, and the victories are fairly evenly divided between the colleges. The Eagles have come out on top 18 times, mainly as a result of a long period of domination between 1919 and 1930. In the earlier games, and in recent years, the Purple has held the margin in wins, with a total of 16. Three contests ended in ties. This closeness is an indication of the hard-fought character of the games and of the fierce spirit in which both teams go into the battle — for a battle it has frequently proved to be.

With an understanding of this background we can readily realize why it is that the game next Saturday has a very particular and important significance. The eyes of New England will be focused, almost exclusively, next Saturday upon the Purple and the Maroon. It is the responsibility of the student bodies and their teams to uphold the reputation of both colleges for good sportsmanship and clean play. Victory in the game is important — so important that frequently the success or failure of a whole season hinges upon its outcome. But just as important as the victory itself is the spirit in which the game is played. Clean, hard football excites the admiration of all, but unsportsmanlike conduct, even in victory, appeals to no one.

Alumnus Stresses College Spirit

Cites True Loyalty Of Ex-Crusader On Death-bed

Dear Bill:

So the once mighty Crusader has been unhorsed from his gallant charger and his purple pennons trail in the turf of Fitton Field, while the screech of the rival Eagle echoes through the far-off Sugar Bowl. And the anvil chorus begins to jangle; the wolves move in for the kill, this time for the hard-working head coach.

Frankly, Bill, I did not like your last letter, but tried to excuse it, because of your evident disappointment with a losing team. At best, you know, unbridled critics are but brushers of dirt from noblemen's clothes. Remember, you are Holy Cross now. Everything that redounds to her glory, redounds to yours; everything that desecrates her fair name, besmirches your own. Holy Cross is a big family, with numerous sons and sacred traditions. However, like all families, she is human and has defects. Now, even supposing they are tragic truths, in our social life, we have a despicable name for persons who broadcast their family failings. Any man who tears down the character of another man before you, will do the same with your reputation before some one else. Of course, too, we find people who look for mud even in the ocean. The type of man we want in the Holy Cross family is the optimist who searches for a little bit of heaven reflected in a mud puddle.

The weakness of too many people is that they forgive too little, forget too much. For five years the Crusader rode the crest. Harvey, Osmanski, Cahill, and Bogdan were names that were heard throughout the nation. Now after the plenty, comes the drought. Though, after reading of the Temple game, it looks as though the lapse will be but temporary and that next year the Crusader will return to the joust with renewed armor. We play to win in football as in life — I could not respect a man who did not — but in my humble opinion, far more important than victory is the spirit of fair fight and clean sportsmanship displayed in the contest. Holy Cross may be outscored, but, as a loyal Alumnus, I pray that she may never be outfought; that her worthy rivals will respect her renown for clean play and true sportsmanship. Football is a game, and when the game is finished, the score is history. But the lessons of courage, loyalty, team-play, gentlemanliness, and good old-fashioned guts, live in the lives of the players and the student cheering section. That is the spirit of the family of Holy Cross of which I am proud to be a member. Noblesse oblige.

So be a booster for your beloved Alma Mater, not a cawing critic. Do not carry over into life what I like to call a castor-oil complex. There is a whole lot of good in the worst of us, a whole lot of bad in the best of us. Learn a lesson from the thrifty bee. For every rose there are a thousand thorns, yet the bee ignores the thorns, seeks out the rose and finds honey. If you make that your habitual attitude towards your fellow-men, then will your own life be happy, and thousands will rise up to call your name blessed.

Student — athlete — gentleman, the real Holy Cross man. Have we had such men? I remember a few years ago, visiting Al Alzerini of the class of 1930 on his death-bed. In college he had been a splendid student and a crashing end. After college, he had

married and had a beautiful two year old daughter. His work was profitable, his home life an earthly paradise. Fortune smiled on him. Then a neglected cold developed into dread tuberculosis. This once herculean body was ravaged, his hopes were dashed. All that was left was racking suffering and death. Yet on his death-bed he wore his Holy Cross varsity sweater. And pointing to the "H.C." he looked up at me, smiled, and said: "Still a Crusader!" I thought of Browning's immortal lines:

"I was ever a fighter,
So one fight more, the best, and
the last."

And tonight, I reverently salute Al Alzerini, a true Holy Cross man. Go thou, and be likewise. And make proud,

Your Crusading,

UNCLE JACK.

P.S. How about a victory in the Boston College game?

The Sports Staff of the Tomahawk wishes to express its appreciation of the many services rendered by the staff of the Worcester Telegram and Gazette. Especially do we thank Messrs. Banx, Mason and Scannell for their efforts and contributions to this issue of the Tomahawk.

'PEACE SUNDAY' OBSERVED

When Reverend Father Rector closed the "Peace Sunday" program last Sunday with Solemn Benediction in the evening, the Holy Cross College student body could look back upon a day of intense spiritual activity blessed with signal success. Inspiring appeals had been preached at the Sunday Masses by Father Hennessy, Father FitzGerald, Dean of the College, and Father Hart, the Student Counsellor. And to these appeals the students responded zealously.

The Dialogue Mass recited by the Sodality under the leadership of William Ratigan, Martin Conroy, and Robert Avery was most impressive. Hundreds of students attended the formal opening of the Exposition of the Most Blessed Sacrament. Hundreds, too, were present for the closing service of Solemn Benediction, at which the Choir sang a special musical program.

Students and visitors were deeply edified by the inspiring picture of the Guard of Honor before the Blessed Sacrament.

"Peace Sunday" at Holy Cross was an eloquent tribute to the loyalty of the student body to the Vicar of Christ and to Christ, King of Peace.

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"Father Sullivan has presented his thesis in syllogistic form. This adds greatly to the value of these volumes both in the classroom and in the hands of students."—Catholic World, November, 1930.

"I like your orderly arrangement and method in treating the subject and find your books very useful."

Rev. John F. Wilson, O.S.A., Villanova College, Villanova, Pa.

"This last definition, gentlemen, I take from the 'Special Ethics' of one of your neighbors, Rev. Joseph Sullivan, S.J., professor of Ethics in Holy Cross College, a book which, by the way, I take the liberty to recommend to you . . . I feel sure that if you read that book you will admit that you will have been helped to think more clearly and more helpfully on what is right and wrong in all these domains."

Professor Louis J. A. Mercier, A.M., Litt.D., Harvard University. (From an address delivered before the Springfield, Mass. City Club.)

"The exposition is uniformly clear and the arguments well sustained."

Ecclesiastical Review, October, 1930.
"We are finding these volumes very satisfactory for the senior class in philosophy as a text book."

College of St. Elizabeth, Convent Station, N. J.
Rev. Frank J. Monaghan.

PURPLE PENNINGS



By JOE NOLAN, '42

Kindly check all guns at the door. There is enough shooting going on elsewhere right now. This Holy Cross-Boston College game is just a neighborly little get-together. No hard feelings on either side. Coach Joe Sheeketski used to go to school with Coach Frank Leahy out at Notre Dame, and wouldn't think of throwing dead cats at him, win, lose, or draw. Captain Jack Kellar thinks that Charley O'Rourke is a swell fellow and a great football player. So why should rival fans foam at the mouth and gather up brickbats and axes in a preliminary debate over the outcome of the game?

This opens the way for a quiet discussion of players and teams, and a few vital statistics:

Place: Fenway Park, Boston, Mass., where the Red Sox have been trying to win an American League pennant ever since old Mose Grove cut his milk teeth. Boston is the town where the Lowells speak only to Cabots, and Amos speaks only to Andy.

ODDS ON EAGLES

Betting Odds: All favor B. C. The sure-money lads are giving 2-1 that Holy Cross doesn't score, 8-5 that they don't get into B. C. territory, and your money back if they even show up in uniform. The sure-money lads also picked the Tigers over the Reds in the World Series, and Willkie over Roosevelt in the election. Ho Holy Cross partisans are hopeful.

Tickets: Buy yours early. The scalping job done on General Custer and his little band by Indians in headress and war paint was just a singe and haircut compared with the job that will be done on customers by scalpers in polo coats and derby hats.

Seasonal Records: Boston College—the wonder team, lost their last game early in the Roosevelt dynasty. Holy Cross—the team that has them wondering. The final and official verdict has not yet been received, but rumor has it that Senator David I. Walsh, '93, is attempting to repeal all H. C. losses incurred north of the Gulf of Mexico and east of the Mississippi. Should this eventually come about, the Crusaders would have an enviable record.

WHO'S WHO

Probable Lineups: Ends — Woronicz and Goodreault (B.C.), Kretowicz and Roberts (H.C.). Either B. C.'s Goodreault is the best end in the East, or else he has the best press agent.

Tackles—Manzo and Yauckoes (B.C.), Brennan and Kellar (H.C.). Yauckoes and Kellar are just a couple of "Honest Johns" but both have been known to sabotage some well-laid enemy plans.

Guards—Zabalski and Kerr (B.C.), Zeno and Ford (H.C.). Zeno, according to the history book, is a philosopher of no little repute. Joe claims that a Holy Cross victory is neither theoretically absurd nor practically impossible.

Centers—Gladchuck (B.C.), Hamilton (H.C.). Gladchuck has a dreadful inferiority complex which springs from two sources: his first name is Chester, and he comes from Bridgeport. Dick also comes from Bridgeport but you can't hold that against him.

Quarterbacks—Toczykowski (B.C.), Saba (H.C.). Toz is the "Hammer," but Frank, like the Village Blacksmith, has muscles on his brawny arms like iron bands. Someone is likely to get banged.

Halfbacks—O'Rourke and Montgomery (B.C.), Natowich and Osmanski (H.C.). Pippa Passes — so do Charley and Andy. Montgomery is far and away the most colorful player on either team, and Brother Joe is sure to render a good account of his stewardship.

Fullbacks—Holovak (B.C.), Grigas (H.C.). Just a couple of youngsters who have climbed from school yard to varsity so fast they still yell 'one-two-three come after me' every time they make a tackle. And they make plenty of tackles.

Probable winner: There was a time when we considered picking Holy Cross, but as one who is loyal to Alma Mater and who gets his Student Hand Book free, we simply could not do it. We knew that if we picked the Crusaders, they would lose, and we would be branded as the modern counterpart of Benedict Arnold. G-men would be after us for treason, our mail would be opened, and we would not be allowed to shoot fireworks on the fourth of July. However, one patriotic vote for a fighting ball club, the Crusaders.

HOLY CROSS-33 JASPERS-25 AND WERE WE SCARED!!

The Purple Crusaders of Holy Cross ended their home season last Saturday in a blaze of glory as they triumphed over the Kelly-Green of Manhattan College 33-25.

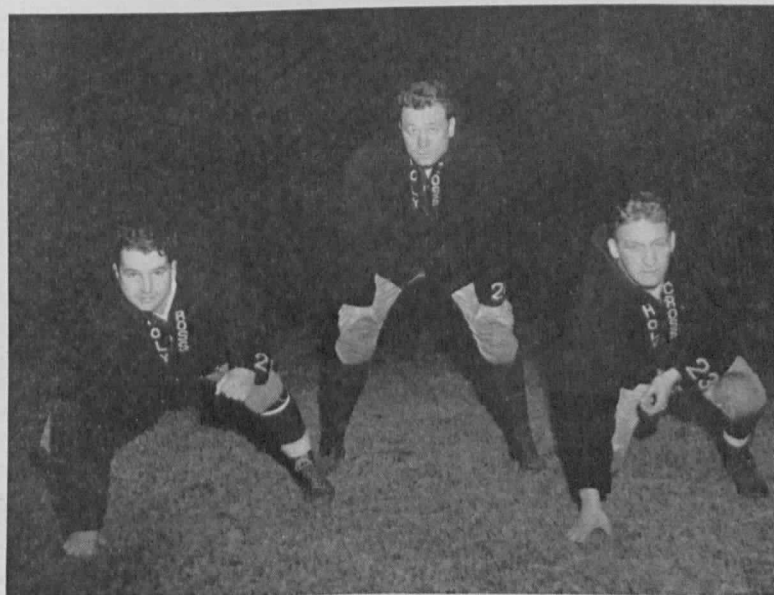
The contest was one of the most thrilling and spectacular ever witnessed on Fitton Field. Napoleon is credited with having said that God is on the side of the heaviest artillery. There is a great deal of truth contained therein, but in the closing minutes it seemed that the Manhattan air force was going to silence the thundering big Berthas of the Cross. Not since Notre Dame scored three touchdowns in the closing minutes of the Ohio State game in 1935 has there been such a scoring threat as Herb Kopf's Jaspers staged last Saturday afternoon.

Johnny Supulski was undoubtedly the pitcher of the afternoon. Making good fifteen out of twenty-five heaves is no easy trick and is even more to be wondered at when it comes in such crucial moments. The New York half-

back seemed to pass to every eligible receiver on the field and run up yardage galore. Fortunately for Holy Cross they still pay off in touchdowns. The hearts of some of the spectators began to ache a little as Supulski uncorked a few long ones in the second half, and they thought back to a year ago when L.S.U.'s Sammy Bird took to the air route in the same manner.

Even in statistics the Cross was the better team. The Crusaders gained 272 yards through and around the Manhattan line, and taking into consideration the Green's heavy advantage in passing, Holy Cross still gained three yards better than the length of the field over the opposition. In the closing minutes of the battle it was so dark that the only certain thing to the spectator was that it was Manhattan and Holy Cross and about 5000 fans down there on the field.

Twenty-six points may have been a safe lead in grandpa's day, but oh, how times have changed!



Playing Last Game for Cross — McGarry, Malinowski, Melody

Fighting Spirit Of Crusaders Features 1940 Season

By Ben Singleton, '43

During the 1940 gridiron season there have been many outstanding and some unnoticed, but nevertheless significant events. They were indicative of team spirit, cooperation, sportsmanship, and the skill that go to make up this game called football. To those players, teams and personalities we acknowledgeingly doff our hats.

A SALUTE TO:

First of all, and rightly so, the student body, and secondly, the Crusader team. In other years there have been complaints about the cheering and general spirit. None was heard this year. Cheering was unprecedented; spirit at its zenith. The Holy Cross eleven fought hard particularly in defeat.

Dr. Eddie Baker and the rest of the Carnegie Tech entourage. Coach Baker vividly contrasted himself with Bill Kern of last year by taking his defeat in a most sportsmanlike fashion. Kern said some unprintable things about the Crusaders. The Carnegie heralded Kiltie Band typified their spirit by marching from the field playing the Cross slogan song.

Messrs. Roy Mumpton, Ed Scanlon, and the rest of the Worcester Telegram and Gazette sport staff. They've been more than decent to Holy Cross during a tough season. If Tom McCabe couldn't get rid of more tickets than he did, he can't look in their direction. Publicity was plentiful.

Joseph Logue. He materialized an idea that was in everyone's mind when he rode into the Temple game as the Crusader of old on a white charger.

It has been many years since a horse has trod the grass of Fitton Field.

Joe Osmanski and Jack Kellar, two of the foremost players who would play their heart out for the college. But they played only to prove the old maxim that it takes eleven men to make a winning team.

Along the same line, Tom Alberghini and Paul Dorrington. They are two of the finest, if not most publicized, linemen in New England. As Al Helfer said about Dorrington vs. Colgate, "there never was a finer game played by a roving center." How many plays got through Alberghini? Chorus: "None!" "Nuff sed."

The "hamburgers." The real unsung heroes of football. The squad that takes a beating from the regulars every day of the week on top of the hill and are lucky if they dress for the game on Saturday.

Al Banx. His cartoons of the games and players in the local papers have revealed a real friend and a man that can cartoon with the best of them. A fine fellow, a good speaker and the best of cartoonists.

Rog Kelly and the rest of the cheerleaders. They've given us a few new cheers to break the monotony of the regular hoiah. Yes, the cheerleaders and the Purple Key with its rallies have done all they could to keep this man's college up with the best of them.

And finally to B. C. for beating Georgetown so Holy Cross can have the singular honor of being the only team to knock them off this year.

B.C. Sports Editor Sees B.C. Win

Arsenault Views H. C.
As "Most Feared
Foe" of Year

By AL ARSENAULT

Sports Editor, Boston College "Heights"

Here at Boston College, everyone has the feeling that this game on Saturday is liable to be the hardest on the whole schedule. We have had a pretty good team this year, and we have been lucky enough to have it go through the most successful season in more than a decade. But unless B. C. beats Holy Cross, the whole year will be a failure.

Frank Leahy expressed this feeling just last week when he said that we always consider this the toughest game of the season. All the players know that they will have to play at their very best to win, and they can't afford to have the least letdown. So Holy Cross may as well know that it is in for a real battle.

One of the chief reasons for the success of the Eagles has been their great spirit from the start of the season to the end. The boys have shown a lot of pep both during the games and during the practice sessions. They have been as hard working as any group could be, always willing to learn and always profiting by their mistakes.

(Turn to Page Seven)

SCANNELL LIKES PURPLE SPIRIT

(Continued from Page One)

game. Hardly less disastrous was the broken hand suffered by Joe Boratyn, who had promised to fill that perplexing fullback problem, also lost for the entire season. . . . At that time the injury did not loom as ominous, but later developments proved that one of the most promising of the sophomore linemen, sorely needed by the Crusaders, was also lost for important games on the schedule. Tom Alberghini was affected by a knee injury that took weeks to heal. . . . What a disastrous series of events in only one game.

Brown, boasting one of its best teams in years and always a tough foe to subdue, turned back the Crusaders and added Frank Gaziano, a veteran lineman, to the list of injured as its contribution to the worries and tribulations of the Purple coaches. . . . The fact that Brown, New York U., and Louisiana had all reached their peak on the day that they met Holy Cross, something that in other seasons did not loom so important, but this year a catastrophe.

Paul Dorrington, defensive star against Colgate in the mud and rain, lost the following week with an arm injury and Kevin Mulcahy, a right halfback who started to give promise, a Mississippi game victim. . . . That's the record of misfortunes that have trailed Holy Cross all season.

In spite of these trials, the spirit shown by the boys in Purple in the Colgate game, that was followed by an improvement against Mississippi, and then an even more gratifying boost against Temple was pleasing.

Apparently the turn has been made, because Tommy Sullivan is ready for the Eagles. At least that is his determination and if "Traveling" Tommy is fit and ready, that high-flying bird from the Heights may find the Crusaders a highly troublesome foe.

Dartmouth upset the great Cornell, Iowa upset Notre Dame, why can't Holy Cross turn the trick against Boston College?

BANX BECOMES COLUMNIST

By AL BANX, Telegram-Gazette Cartoonist
Honorary Member of Tomahawk Staff

Boston Sports writers, who have been standing in the football bread-line since the all-american Caseys and Mahans cut the turf at Harvard's stadium, have at last found something they can get their teeth into.

As B. C. slaughtered the likes of Idaho State or Mugwump University's bullfrogs, every single eagle, from the first string captain to the fourth string sub made the blazing headlines. It mattered not that Coventry was bombed, Charlie O'Rourke had completed seven out of ten.

Then came words—long descriptive ones—long hidden away in the cellars and attics for such a time as this. "Master minds" and "galloping ghosts" were made over night.

The reading public was to learn that a young gentleman playing center for the burnished Eagles had an inferiority complex because he, being a mere six feet and "two ten" was being dwarfed by the rest of the line, who, it seems, had knocked the goal posts askew several times by hitting their domes against the cross bar.

It is generally taken for granted among the rank and file of Boston sportswriters that the Crusaders will lay their shields carefully on the ground, bare their necks and invite the all powerful eagles to step, but not too hard, for old time's sake.

A few crackling sounds will be heard as the beef-on-hoof crushes on a spine or two but the battle will be of short duration. If there is anything left of the Holy Cross boys the Boston writers will find a place for them on the fourteenth page, crowding the union-cure ads. It will say that Holy Cross put up a game battle to be sure

but sad to relate they were playing in a league far superior to their own particular class.

Now in my few years of watching football I have seen teams, and teams. I have seen some good Holy Cross outfits and I have seen a few mediocre ones, BUT — I have never seen one that quit or gave up. I can remember back there in 1926 when we lost to Harvard and struggled through a tough season. Came the B. C. game, you couldn't get a plugged nickle on the Crusaders.

B. C. had won every game, hadn't been scored on. It was Coach Frank Cavanaugh's last year and he was going out in a blaze of glory. He had Al Weston, Joe McKenney, Jack Cronin and Joe Smith. The "Thundering Herd" they called 'em. When they swept around that end it was a blitz, nothing could stop that bunch. On a wet and drizzly day, an advantage to their heavy line, Holy Cross not only held them to a scoreless tie but drove them all over the field. In fact they were on B. C.'s five yard mark when the game ended.

That was a game and determined Holy Cross outfit, they made only four substitutions in the line and two of their regular backfield were out with fractured ankles. Paddy Lynch, and end, played halfback for the first time.

This year, as in that year, Holy Cross has its back against the wall. I believe in this team. They are game and tough. I know they will be out there fighting to the end. I honestly believe that if Natowich, Sullivan, Bezemes and Grigas hit their regular passing game H. C. WILL beat B. C.

... has yet to be called on, but can be counted on to give a good account of himself when and if.

Ed Murphy, '43 — the ace pass catcher of the present Crusader eleven. ... Ronnie Cahill type; quiet but capable ... first string all season ... dynamite on long heaves as Brown U. will testify ... a track man and shows it; speed plus.

Walt Roberts, '43—pairs with Murphy on and off the field ... guards his flank like Horatius did his bridge ... came up from last year's freshman club with a good record and plenty of experience.

Ed McNamara, '43 — hasn't had much chance to peddle his wares this season but is always a potential starter ... with the return of the two team system he'll be in the lineup.

TACKLES

Captain Jack Kellar, '41 — sterling leader of the Crusaders—enough about his valuable line play ... never say die spirit ... a natural leader and real veteran, having played tackle on Bill Osmanski's great 1938 eleven ... despite a bad leg played almost all of the N.Y.U. game ... blocked last-ditch Temple attempt for field goal ... in short, a fine fellow and an outstanding captain.

Leo "Red" Brennan, '42 — carrot-thatched regular ... when inspired he really plays a ball game ... a sixty minute man against the Owls ... one of the heaviest men on the squad tipping the Fairbanks at 215.

Jack Fitzgerald, '42—a 214 pound 6 ft. 2 in. tackle ... one of his best performances was in the ill-fated L.S.U. game ... potentially a great tackle, has another year to crack the headlines.

Bernie "Bud" Digris, '42 — never seems to get the recognition he deserves — solidly built, he makes an ideal line man ... left the injured list to appear against Temple in the second half ... watch him next year.

Joe Potenza, '43—with experience will go places ... showed to best advantage against Tuss McLaughry's Bruins ... can do a nice job behind the plate when baseball season rolls around ... official program lists him as 221 pounds spread over six feet three inches.

Jack Sweeney, '43—another one of those big tackles ... a hard worker who showed great promise against Mississippi ... give him a little more experience and he'll be a hot contender for a regular tackle position.

Art Bilodeau, '43—big Soph tackle with a good background ... bound to see a lot of action in his next two years if reports from the hill are any indication.

GUARDS

Ray Monaco, '41 — 'Round Raymond' has had more than enough varsity experience ... never fails to land flat on the ground—with his man under him! ... has been an important factor in the line all season.

Frank Gaziano, '41 — There never were many fellows on the hill liked as well as "Gaz." ... The barrel-built lineman who rolls over the opposition ... he hits for keeps and the freshmen and 'hamburgers' know his power only too well. Yes, he caught a pass once too!

Ernie Ford, '42—His six foot-three frame places him with Joe Potenza as among the tallest men on the squad ... Will probably see a great deal of service next year ... Will trade in the gridiron for the pitchers mound this spring.

Joe Zeno, '42—another guard who's seen plenty of fight this year ... and will see more next season ... came back to the team this fall after a year's absence ... has plenty of fight and uses it.

Bill Sartorelli, '43—undoubtedly one of the hardest working men on Mt. St. James ... A.B. dean's list ... saw only spot service so far but is always available and capable.

Steve Conroy, '43—tops in form ... looked good on the hill in practice ... has seen active service in several games this Autumn.

John "Red" Quinn, '43—Due for a break soon ... Red had quite a "rep" in Alumni last year ... ask Joe Murphy and Red McNamara.

Tom Alberghini, '43 — undoubtedly one of the season's best finds. In spite of injuries he was outstanding at his position ... Total gain through his slot all year was about minus three yards ... definitely first string varsity next season.

Mal McGarry, '41—a lad who came up from Brooklyn Prep with a great deal of promise ... played most of the game against Temple ... was converted from center this year ... his final year, he will probably see action this week.

CENTERS

Tom Lynch, '41 — converted from halfback in Sophomore year ... plenty of the old moxie ... johnny-on-the-spot backing up his side of the line ... Tom has the experience and poise necessary in critical situations down on the field.

Paul Dorrington, '41—182 pounds of dynamite ... played one of the greatest defensive games ever seen on Fitton Field against Colgate this year ... spirit personified ... will end his outstanding career as H. C. center against Eagles of B. C. ... depend on him to give his all for victory.

Dick "Bones" Hamilton, '42 — the

hard luck man on the squad ... injuries have kept him from seeing as much service as his talent deserves ... alternated this year at end and center ... back in the lineup against Manhattan.

Pete Maurano, '43—battled his way up from substitute's role to starting berth at center ... lost for remainder of schedule due to a knee injury ... played his best game against Temple ... blocked try for extra point after Temple touchdown ... team-mate of Grigas at Chelsea High.

QUARTERBACKS

Frank "Sabu" Saba, '42—one of the shiftiest runners on the team ... The first five opponents down under a kick invariably miss him ... too fast to be caught, too shifty to be hurt, too smart to be fooled ... knows the safety position better than any man on the team ... invaluable cog in '41.

Fred Kidd, '42—younger brother of Rex Kidd, former H. C. star ... shares the generalship honors with Saba ... has seen plenty of time in games this year and is due for even more during '41.

Frank Calabrese, '43—the standout of the N.Y.U. contest—may be compared to 'One play' O'Brien ... came in seconds before the half, caught a pass for a touchdown to keep the Cross in the game ... a "honey" in high school, has much to be heard of yet.

Frank Kleniewski, '43 — the "Cinderella Man" of this season's squad ... converted from fullback in spring practice, he figured to play most of his football from the bench; instead he has risen to a high rank on the quarterback list ... called long scoring pass from Natowich to Murphy in Brown game.

Ken Holly, '43—a rugged blocker and signal caller ... has been sidelined by a leg injury sustained early in the season ... ranks second to none at the training table ... showed crisp blocking in the Providence contest.

HALFBACKS

Joe Osmanski, '41 — need we mention that Joe is of the famous house of Osmanski? ... the injury jinx slowed Joe down at the beginning of the season ... a sure bet to let everything go in his last game against B. C. ... only senior halfback on the squad. Carnegie Tech has reason to remember him for his great performance in '39 ... unassuming and well liked.

Bill Sheridan, '42—with Fred Kidd starred as a razzle-dazzle artist at Melrose High where they were known as "General" Sheridan and "Captain" Kidd ... sidelined for most of the season with a recurrence of an injury suffered last fall ... one of those small, shifty, speedy players.

Tommy Sullivan, '42 — one of the greatest stars of the year ... hampered the latter part of the season with a knee injury acquired in the N. Y. U. game ... may see action against B. C. and is sure-fire for next Fall ... small but wiry and built with plenty of spirit ... had he been in the line-up the story of the season might have been different ... president of the Junior class and in off moments plays the accordion ... younger brother will play frosh ball next year.

Mike Trychon, '42 — a Worcester lad ... continually amazes pre-game audiences with one-handed catches of long passes ... can't seem to break that Worcester jinx that keeps so many of the local players off the first string.

Jim Scondras, '43 — not only a swell player on the gridiron but a smooth, the smoothest, man on a basketball court ... St. John's gym will probably see him during the winter months as Fitton Field did this Fall.

(Turn to Page Six)

Varsity Men and Their Ability Surveyed

It has been the custom in years past to review the members of the football squad in this, the football issue of the TOMAHAWK. Following this tradition we have attempted to give a few of the sidelights on all the players. Some have heard their names from the tongue of every Holy Cross student, others have yet to be seen on the field, but one and all, here they are. We begin with the line, the seven keys to football:

ENDS

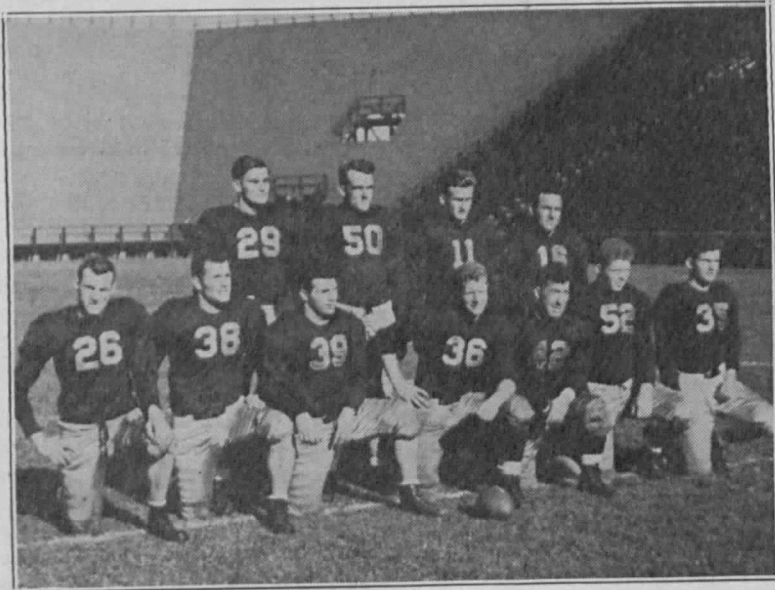
John "Honey" Melody, '41 — after three years of faithful Crusader ser-

vice will see final action against B.C. this week ... played his best game against Mississippi "Rebs" ... the "glue-fingered boy."

Frank "Dutch" Glacken, '41 — all scholastic from Cambridge Latin ... light but scrappy ... held down second team berth all season.

Adam Kretowicz, '42 — A Keene, N. H. lad who has really developed into an offensive and defensive threat this season ... scintillated against Ole Miss with Bezemes ... sixty minute man against Temple.

John MacManus, '42 — one of the best conditioned players on the hill



CRUSADERS

Backfield—Osmanski, Grigas, Sullivan, Saba. Line—Roberts, Captain Kellar, Zeno, Dorrington, Gaziano, Brennan, Murphy.



BEAT B. C.

Backfield—Scondras, Boratyn, Kidd, Natowich. Line—Glacken, Fitzgerald, Ford, Lynch, Monaco, Digris, Hamilton

JOY PREDICTS CROSS WIN

By William "Hiker" Joy

(Spirit, aggressiveness, and alertness, says William P. (Hiker) Joy, Holy Cross gridiron immortal, will be the deciding factor in the current Crusader-Eagle clash. In a letter accompanying his article he says: "My coaching days and playing days finally decided that I should write an article addressed to the football squad of 1940, because the victory to the squad will be far sweeter than to anybody else." Ed.)

King Football is slowly closing his weary eyes after a season of surprises and upsets. Sports writers and radio commentators are now narrowing their prospective list of All-America candidates. In this year of 1940 my selection of an All-America team would consist of every American who loves the stars and stripes and who anxiously and earnestly hopes and prays that it will continue to wave over a happy and free land.

The coming Saturday with all the rival games will officially close the football season and mark the selection of "bowl" teams. Holy Cross College will play its final game against its ancient rival Boston College, and this game should be the star attraction of the country. As one who has coached at both colleges, I know that past records mean absolutely nothing in this contest. I have seen great Holy Cross teams go down before weaker B. C. teams, and also strong B. C. teams go down before weaker teams of Holy Cross.

This great game will be won by the team that has spirit, aggressiveness, and mental alertness.

To the football squad of 1940 — Close the pages of the past season and start on a new clean one upon which the story of the Holy Cross vs. B. C. game will be written. This week of preparation should be one in which you work harder and think faster than at any time during the season. Keep your mind on this game and do not let it wander away even one precious second. Assist your coaches and teammates by helping yourself, and make it the happiest training week of your life.

Naturally there will be a strain on you and your coaches, but visualize the terrific strain upon your opponents who will be trying to protect an undefeated season.

Above all, do not be content to achieve a moral victory. Your Alma Mater and mine wants a clean cut victory.

When the whistle blows on Saturday and the game is taken out of the hands of Coach Joe Sheeketski and his assistants and placed in yours, then enter that game with a firm determination to carry out every assignment more forcibly than ever before. When you tackle a man, don't drag him down, knock him down — block so that the man will know that he was taken out. Gain every foot when carrying the ball; keep your brain active and your muscles set because the loafer always gets hurt; force the breaks in your favor; and never, never get discouraged or down. If you are tired or injured get out of the game immediately, not only for your own protection but also for the benefit of the team.

There is an imaginary line between both teams called the scrimmage line, it is a restraining line, yes a restraining line, but when that ball is passed charge immediately to get across it first and disrupt and disorganize the plays and formations of your opponent.

I feel confident that if this great Holy Cross squad enters this game with spirit, aggressiveness, and determination, when the final whistle blows the football will rest in the arms of Captain Kellar.

PURPLE FACE ACID TEST

Mighty Eagles Risk Perfect Record

(Continued from Page One)

Of course the star of the backfield is Chuckin' Charlie O'Rourke, the wiry package of dynamite from Malden. Master Charles is a triple-threat if ever there was one. Gentlemen, he passes, he kicks, he runs—and how! It was O'Rourke who spurred the Eagles on to great heights this season, and his individual brilliance has been the talk of the football world. Henry Toczykowski, Captain for the Holy Cross game, calls signals for the first backfield. "Toz" is one of the nation's outstanding blockers, in addition to being a very talented pass receiver. Frank Maznicki, the team's leading scorer, cavorts from the right half position, while Mike Holovak, sophomore fullback, takes care of the heavy-duty work. The second set of backs features Lou Montgomery, the colored "flutter-foot" from Brockton, Mickey Connolly, second-year triple-threat, and Dolph Kissell, who spells Holovak. Justin McGowan is the field-general for this group.

So there it is, Crusaders. Add the other members of the Eagle squad, and assistant Coaches Johnny Druze, Joe McArdle, and Ed McKeever, and you have the 1940 Boston College juggernaut. Let's go, Purple! Make this season a success by upsetting the Eagles, who will be heavily favored. BEAT B. C.!

Team Coaches Air Opinions

(Continued from Page One)

In regard to the Holy Cross game, Leahy ventured an opinion that it "should be a good game." "Let's see," said the Eagle strategist, "you gained 250 yards on passes against Mississippi, and 216 yards on the ground against Temple. Combine those two and you'll have something."

Yes, Mr. Leahy, we'll have something. Coach Joe Sheeketski promised that, when in reply to a query concerning the chances of the Crusaders against B. C., he stated that "the boys will be in top shape physically and mentally and are going out there to win." That statement constitutes the consensus of opinion in the Crusader encampment on Mt. St. James.

WHEELER II VICTOR IN MIDDLE RIVER BOWL GAME

On a rain and wind-swept gridiron last Sunday afternoon, a high-riding Wheeler II outfit proved itself to be the classiest team in the league as they smashed to an easy 26-8 triumph over an outclassed but never out-fought Fourth Wheeler club in the final game of the Intramural Football Play-offs. Fresh from victories over the strong Worcester and Third Alumni outfits, the Guiney-coached team proved themselves to be champions all the way as they jumped to a two-touchdown lead early in the first quarter and went on to win the all-important battle for the charms.

Hindered in no way by the unfavorable conditions, Jim Morris gave a marvelous exhibition of passing as he tossed the soaking-wet pigskin four or forty yards, as the occasion demanded, for all the winners' touchdowns. Combining their best offensive show of the season, featured by miraculous catches by Jack Millin, with great blocking by Hugh McTiernan, and equally fine pass-defending by the same Millin, the victors scored twice in the first quarter and twice again in the last with a safety sandwiched between to sweep to victory. Four passes, all of the lengthy variety, accounted for the margin of victory with Le Gendre, Millin and Johnny Kelly, with two fine catches scoring in that order. The entire nineteen players used by Manager Jack Guiney (who incidentally has done a fine job all season) united excellently to bring the usual "team victory." Besides the aforementioned Millin, Morris, McTiernan, Le Gendre and Kelly, others who stood out were Jack Shea, Ed Green and the peppercorn Waldo Pendergast, all of whom have played an important part all season in their team's victories.

Despite the fact that his team was on the short end of the score Melrose's Lou McNally was by far the outstanding man on the field. Though taking a terrific physical beating from the hard-blocking victors, Lou was in there giving his all throughout and gave perhaps the finest performance seen on Freshman Field this season. Scoring his team's lone tally on a fine broken field dash and making seemingly-impossible catches all day, Lou gave the winners many anxious moments as again and again he threatened to get away.

CRUSADER YEARLINGS DISPLAY VARSITY MATERIAL

The Holy Cross freshmen football team on November 16, closed their season with a record of one game won and three lost.

In the opening game against Dartmouth, the "squires" were crushed by a hard fighting team 19-6. The Purple fought hard with all the power at their disposal, but a withering ground attack was too much for them. Dartmouth played the entire game strictly on terra firma and failed to throw a single pass.

Outstanding star of the fray was Jim Scavone, Purple right half, whose brilliant 70-yard dash from his own thirty highlighted the day. His passes set up the only Cross score of the day.

In the second game of the season, against Providence, the team eked out a 7-6 victory over the Providence College yearlings on a wet field. The game was noteworthy principally because of the number of fumbles on both sides due to the heavy rain. The break came in the last period when Providence found themselves knocking at the Crusader goal line by virtue of two passes. A third heave to the one-yard line was declared null by the officials because of a foul in the end zone. On the next play the Friars made good, and led 6-0 until a remarkable runback of a kick for 42 yards put the Crusader yearlings in scoring position. Scavone and Wasilewski, with the aid of Weitekamp

put the ball over the final stripe, and the extra point was good.

The Eaglets took the Crusader Yearlings 20-9 with Murphy, Mills, Weitekamp, and Sliney greatly in evidence for the Mt. St. James gridders. The crisp blocking offered by the Boston College backfield, composed of Doherty, Burns, Benedetto and Brady, was responsible for the Boston College victory.

In the third period a kicking spree started, terminating in a 41 touchdown runback by Doherty of B. C. In the last period, Holy Cross threatened twice, but each time the Eaglets tightened their defences to prove their superiority in both the offensive and defensive departments of the game.

The final game of the season at Brown was lost in the opening period when the Brown Cubs piled up a 14-0 score on two quick thrusts.

Brown's team was sparked by left-half back Margarita who ran 76 and 56 yards for two of the Bear's scores. He did most of the ball-carrying for the Bruins. Bentley and Capouch, the two Brown ends, will doubtless be found on next year's varsity team because of their excellent blocking.

In the final quarter the Purple team, trailing 24-0 collected two touchdowns. The first by a recovery by Wasilewski in the end zone of a blocked Brown kick; the second by a series of rushes at the end of a 64 yard drive.

SIDELINE SIDELIGHTS

It will look like a meeting of the debating society when George Kerr and Frank Gaziano come together. We bet on the officials to win all verbal battles however . . . They had better search the boys for concealed weapons when the Eagles' discus-tossing Morro and javelin-throwing Zabalski meet up with the Crusaders' spear-tossing Dorrington . . . With the hulu-hipping O'Rourke and the toe-dancing Frank Saba in the game you won't have to go to the Sheraton to see some fancy stepping . . . Incidentally, plan to take that in, folks, it's THE dance of the year . . . Warning to B.C. for future reference . . . The Cross Yearling team features a Freshman who conditions his neck muscles by going ten

rounds every day head-butting a stone wall. Hint to Jim Spaulding — Let's have more of those polkas. The Cross certainly went to town after that number in the Mississippi game . . . Rumor hath it that Joe Sheeketski, formerly the "fastest human" at Notre Dame, scored that last touchdown in the Manhattan arc-less night game with Big Ed Krause leading the interference. General "Bill" Sheridan promises not to be "twenty miles away" when that opening whistle sounds. Fully recovered from injuries Bill is raring to go . . . Adam "La Zonga" Kretowicz will give his "Six Lessons in Pass-Catching" next Saturday at Fenway Park from 1:30 to 4.



UNDEFEATED, UNTIED EAGLES
Backfield—Maznicki, Toczykowski, Holovak, O'Rourke
Line—Goodreault, Yauckoes, Kerr, Gladchuck, J. Zabalski, Levantis, Lukachik

INTRAMURALITES

Jim Burke, '41

Well, it's all over. The final whistle has sounded on Freshman Field. The last exhausted Intramuralite has wended his weary way to Wheeler and hung up his cleats. The 1940 season is over but the memory lingers on. When the fellows gather for those famous discussions on cold winter evenings, you'll hear no talk of Chuckin' Charlies, Slingin' Sammies, or Dynamite Davies, but when those four hundred or more students who participated in the games, or the innumerable others who were fortunate enough to see the battles, gather, you will hear stories of the greatest passer it has ever been the privilege of these two eyes to behold. In fact, no one will ever see a greater exhibition of passing than that of Worcester's

Marty O'Brien during the present Intramural season. Whether it was routing luckless Fenwick, rolling over Second Beaven, or nosing out that great Second Wheeler outfit, it was O'Brien's poise under fire and his rifle-like precision that meant the difference between victory and defeat. Marty was, however, by no means alone in these victories. A great Worcester Seniors and Juniors outfit, ably directed by Bob O'Coin, was in there with Marty all the way, and stood out as the class of the league throughout the regular season.

Combining the pass-catching ability of Chick Sharry and Johnny Casey and the brilliant blocking of Fran Morrissey and Eddie McGeechy, with the afore-mentioned passing, the Day-Student outfit swept through the league like the Hurricane through New England, with but a single tie to mar their slate in thirteen clashes. Another case of that "Ol' Debbil 13"

catching up with a great outfit. Over the whole season the Worcester Powderhouse rolled up 394 points to their opponents 164, with Sharry breaking all Intramural scoring records with over 180 points himself.

Worcester, however, was by no means the only team in the league. It was merely a super-team in a field of giants. From Jack Guiney's fighting Wheelerites, down through the warriors of Beaven, Alumni, Loyola, Fenwick, and the O'Kanes, there wasn't a weak sister in the league. As a matter of fact, this season produced the greatest set of Intramural teams, as a whole, than any year in the history of Intramurals. Just glance at the statistics and see how those points were divided. Eight teams made the Middle River Bowl games, just nosing out three more, with every team but one having an outside chance right up till the last day of play. It may be well to pause here and pay tribute to that one team—the gallant warriors from Third O'Kane—who were in there fighting all the way, and were victims of more one touchdown defeats than any team in the league. At least six of their games could have gone either way.

Under the indefatigable eye of Gus Cervini, well over a hundred contests were run off, and every one of them history-making. Inter-Collegiate Football had its Minnesota-Northwestern, its Boston College-Georgetown, its Army-Notre Dame, and other like "big games," but none of them could hold a candle to those epic battles down along the Blackstone, when Worcester crashed with Wheeler, or Beaven battled Alumni, or the Sophs struggled with the Freshmen, or when those surprising Bears from Fourth Wheeler came from nowhere to win three games in the last three days of the season, to win a coveted play-off position and roll up 104 points to none in those last three battles, due to the untiring zeal of Johnny Murdock and Doc Grady, with that great pass-snatcher Lou McNally. Nor will Jack Guiney ever forget the day when those unknown Freshmen from Fenwick put a serious cramp in his championship plans by nosing out the Wheelerites 12-6.

All the battles were hard-fought but



James P. Burke, '41

those of the final week rivaled the clashes of the Greeks and Trojans on the plains of Troy. Twelve teams, led by Worcester and Second Wheeler, came down to those final few games determined to do or die for the play-off positions. The Agamemnon-Paris affair, or the Achilles-Hector bout, were mere preliminaries when contrasted with the fray resulting when Fourth O'Kane nosed Third Alumni for a Bowl bid, while Alumni beat Beaven I, and Loyola II scraped out a tie with the league-leaders to earn a spot in the play-off and pay-off games.

Just about this time every year, the sports writers dust off their superlatives, polish up their adjectives and proceed to nominate their Jarrin' Johns and Jumpin' Joes, as the greatest football players since the Flood. With this in mind the TOMAHAWK scoops the field and gets out the first ALL-STAR aggregation of the season. It would be foolish as well as impossible to pick out eight players and nominate them as the outstanding stars of the field. Let it suffice, then, for us to designate to the best of our ability the players who day in and day out gave the best performances on Fitton Field. O'Brien was of course the outstanding passer in a league of great passers which included Jim Morris of the Guiney-coached outfit, Tom O'Leary of the Wheeler Bears, the tireless Bob Kickham of innumerable outfits, the great "Andrae" of Beaven II, Tom Kilfoyle of the Top Alumni outfit, and a youngster named "Harp" Geary from Fourth O'Kane who gives promise of being one of the best pigskin tossers in Intramural history. It was little wonder that the scores mounted so high when these aces were tossing the ball at such glue-fingered pass-snappers as Sharry and Casey, Jack Shea, Jack Millin, and Jack Creamer of Second Wheeler, Phil Mylod and Dick Canavan of the lower Beaven outfits, Artie McMahon of Third Alumni, Lou McNally of Fourth Wheeler, and Fitzgerald and McGrath of Fourth O'Kane.

Although the league features 'touch' football, there is many a college coach who would like to see rushers like Ed Green and Walt Prendergast of Wheeler Two, Eddie McGeechy of the

Worcester outfit, and Connie McGillicuddy of Third Alumni, to say nothing of blockers and pass-defenders like Fran Morrissey, Hugh McTier, Pete Flynn, Eddie Whelan, Bill Dowgert and Joe Murphy, as members of his Varsity roster. Despite the fact that it is a passing league, some fine ball-carrying talent was uncovered in the persons of O'Brien of Loyola II, Williams of Beaven III, and a Freshman known only as "Leaping Lou" who plays for First Alumni. Unquestionably many fine players have been omitted from this list because of the exigencies of space, but it is believed that all consistent performers have been designated. Of necessity all can't make such a fictitious team and it is often that the colorless performer is the reason why his team is in the thick of the battle. The Intramural Department salutes all the competitors as grand performers and great ball players.

We have purposely refrained from mentioning thus far in our resume the fellow who, when all is said and done, was the outstanding player of the 1940 Intramural Season. A fanfare of bugles and a roll of drums for the best all-around performer in the league—Johnny Kelley of Second Wheeler. Johnny wasn't a passer or a passer-catcher, or even a blocker or a rusher, but the greatest combination of all four that ever trod the turf of Freshmen Field. Ask the Freshmen against whom Johnny ran a kick-off back the length of the field without a hand being laid on him, or any of the various Intramural competitors who had firsthand contact with this running, passing, pass-catching will-of-the-wisp from West Virginia. As long as Johnny was in the game, and he was in there every minute giving his all, the opposition didn't dare relax, never knowing from one moment to the next whether he was going to toss a pass to Shea for a touchdown, catch one from Morris and score himself, or sweep the end for twenty yards. Michigan can have its Harmon, as for me, I'll take Johnny Kelly from Wheeler Two, and so will you when you've seen him play.

Inadvertently in our discussion of the outstanding players, we neglected the important part played by the kickers of the league. Not those who made the much-maligned refs' lives unbearable, but those punters who again and again pulled their teams out of the old Here again we find many of the old names, McNally, O'Brien, Morrissey, Geary, along with such kicking aces as Mester of Beaven III, Tom Shea of Top Alumni, and Doc Grady of Worcester Wheeler. Jim Tabb of the Worcester Sophs was undoubtedly the finest kicker in the league, as he certainly proved in his all too-brief appearances on the gridiron.

Looking back retrospectively, it was certainly a great season, with many grand games played, many exciting experiences to be discussed and rediscovered, and innumerable fine friendships formed, as the league went on. For it's in a league like this and in games like these that you meet and get to know some of the finest fellows that can be found anywhere.

Lastly, a word of tribute to those fellows who gave unsparingly of their time and services at the risk of life and limb—the referees. They can never receive all the credit due them, but they deserve all they can get. A vote of thanks to every fellow who ever blew a whistle or called an offside, and especially to those consistent and excellent arbiters, '41, Jay Williams, '43, Jack Murphy, '42, Don Swords, '43, Bitsy Collins, '42, Don Foley, '43, Jim Lynch and Jim Blakeley likewise '43, Joe Doyle, '42, and Tom Reilly and Bill O'Neil of the Junior Class.

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FINAL LEAGUE STANDING

November 20, 1940

Teams	gp	w	l	td	pf	pa	pts
Worc. '41-'42	13	12	0	1	394	164	25
Wheeler II	13	9	2	2	227	106	20
Beaven III	13	8	1	4	217	138	20
Beaven II	12	9	2	1	268	136	19
Alumni III	13	6	3	4	138	126	16
Wheeler IV	13	7	6	0	184	104	14
O'Kane IV	13	7	6	0	145	172	14
Loyola II	13	6	5	2	89	96	14
The above teams participated in play-offs							
Loyola I	13	5	6	2	163	156	12
Beaven I	13	6	7	0	159	188	12
Fenwick IV	13	5	6	2	73	178	12
Loyola III	12	3	6	3	107	154	9
Wheeler I	11	3	6	2	129	122	8
Worc. '43-'44	9	3	4	2	102	80	8
Alumni I	13	2	8	3	94	200	7
Wheeler V	9	3	5	1	83	112	7
Alumni II	11	2	7	2	96	180	6
Wheeler III	9	2	6	1	64	126	5
O'Kane III	12	0	12	0	78	272	0
TOTALS	228	98	98	32	2810	2810	228

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EAGLE SCRIBE VIEWS HOLY CROSS - B. C. BATTLE

(Continued from Page Three)

We feel that Charley O'Rourke is the best all around back in the country today. He is the man who always comes through when the chips are down, and the harder the going, the better Charley plays. But he has a team in front of him that has this same quality. It took something to come from behind twice to defeat George-town, and we never admit defeat until the last whistle is blown.

The team has elected its greatest leader, Henry Toczykowski, as captain for the game because Holy Cross is the most feared and most respected foe on the whole schedule. The starting lineup will be the strongest possible out of regard for the hard game that is sure to be in store. Here at Boston College the team is really ready for the one, and it should be one of the best games seen in Boston all year.

WHEELER TWO VICTORIOUS

Kelly, Morris, O'Brien Feature Contest

Climaxing a great football season with the greatest exhibition of football ever played on any gridiron, bar none, a courageous group of stalwarts from the second tier of Wheeler slashed their way to a smashing victory over that amazing Worcester powerhouse, on last "Franksgiving Day." Realizing their great potentialities for the first time this season and capitalizing on every break, and even at times making their own breaks, Guiney's machine rode to a hard-earned but decisive victory over a great Day-student combine that proved itself as magnificent in defeat as it had been glorious in victory.

With Jim Morris matching the great Marty O'Brien pass for pass, and with Johnny Kelly, Jack Shea and Jack Millin snaring the tosses, behind the stalwart blocking of Ed Green, Walt Prendergast, Domo Riley, and those other dozen or so blocks of granite of the Wheeler club, it was strictly a team triumph for the boarding combine. Whether it was rushing the evercool O'Brien, bottling up the famed Sharry or the equally-talented Casey on the defense, or ripping the Worcester defense wide open on offense, every player on the Senior roster gave a magnificent exhibition. On the basis of Thursday's battle, we here and now designate as our All Star Intramural Team the entire Wheeler II outfit from end to end and center to tail-back, and nominate for the Coach of the Year, Jack Guiney who did such a great job in harnessing and directing this great team, and we do this with all due respect to the innumerable talented operatives who proved their worth throughout the season.

Even faced with such fighting fury, however, the Senior-Junior outfit was in the game all the way and emphatically proved their right to the title as League Champions. Against any team but the inspired outfit which they faced, there is no doubt that the Worcester club would have continued on its all-winning ways. With the peerless Marty O'Brien firing as accurately as ever to his favorite receivers Sharry and Casey, along with a dark-horse named Bob Najemy who proved to be a sensation, and Jim Reidy giving a marvelous exhibition of blocking, the Worcester team put up a grand fight and deserve all the credit they can get. They certainly lost no caste in losing that game, as the greatest crowd of fellows who ever watched an Intramural contest, will unanimously testify. With their famed offence held virtually to a standstill, they were in there battling all the way, nor did the victors dare to relax till the final whistle blew on the semi-dark and excitement pitched field.

Every fellow who participated proved himself as a grand competitor and a great athlete, and they certainly proved themselves to be the outstanding players in the league. The much unsung and unheralded blockers finally came into their own, and there is

many a college coach today who would sacrifice two or three halfbacks for blockers like those who crashing head on last Thursday. Riedy, Green, Prendergast, McTiernan, and Riley would rank on any gridiron along with the famed Evashevskis, Matuzscek, and Tozcyloswis on the basis of their performances. But among a field of magnificent blockers and rushers there was one man down there whose name irrevocably and undoubtedly leads all the rest—and that great 60 minute, hard-fighting, courageous ball-player is Wheeler's Ed Green who gave the greatest display of blocking that was ever seen and ever will be seen on any gridiron, bar none.

The Wheeler outfit after battling on even terms for the first quarter, spurred to a two-touchdown lead before the half and was never headed. The fighting Worcester outfit came back fast but couldn't match the scores rung up by Millin, Kelly, who was his usual brilliant self, or Belmont's Jack Shea, all of whom played superb football.

Don Foley and Johnny Williams finished up a fine refereeing season with a great display of whistle-blowing and deserve a lot of credit for their thankless job.

ATHLETIC HEAD NEWS YEAR

(Continued from Page One)

Football campaign. Certainly the boys of the squad have felt keenly their inability to "click", as they say on the athletic field.

Holy Cross which climbed so steadily to the football heights and national popularity in the past eight years; Holy Cross which over a five-year stretch topped the nation in the matter of games won against major opposition; Holy Cross which according to all polls from the A. P. to the International News showed definitely that it was greater consistently than any college in the land in its varsity football; Holy Cross the toast of the nation a year ago, despite the setbacks which it has suffered, has the chance to wipe the slate clean by scoring a victory over Boston College.

It galls me and I know it does good rather Rector, our alumni and you students too, to hear this talk about moral victories. Wasn't it "tough" to lead after the Temple game that we did well because we tied the Owls. Would Holy Cross which since 1929 never lost more than two games a season being patted on the shoulder for making a good showing. Doesn't it make you tingle with venom?

Holy Cross does not want any moral triumphs on the football field. Its history was never written that way. We have the men and we have the will to win any and all opposition.

We have spirit; Holy Cross fight. We have the size. No team we have faced to date has outweighed us in the line or backfield. We have the fastest set of backs we have had, certainly since I have been here as Director, and we have the experience.

We of the athletic office have but one regret and that is that we may have been unable, to date, to hand Father Rector a record of what the world calls achievement. We wanted so much to give him encouragement in these troublesome times when his burdens are so trying. We wanted to lift those burdens a bit and we haven't quite succeeded.

But Father Rector, and boys of Holy Cross, we know that we have a chance on Saturday to redeem our pledges to you and our dear Alma Mater. We know that if we win this game in Boston we have started the ball going which will roll and roll into greater triumphs for you to look back in the years to come as milestones of real progress. God bless all our hopes and works; with your support we can do it.

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CINCINNATI	Hotel Drake & 57 E. Jackson	OMAHA	Hotel Fontanelle
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GREAT CRUSADER SQUAD PASSES IN REVIEW

(Continued from Page Four)

Ed "Tex" Tyksinski, '43 — the only non-New England player on the varsity . . . hails from Rome, N. Y. and from his power may have caused the fall of the ancient one. Far-fetched admittedly, but watch him during his next two seasons.

Johnny Bezemes, '43—all-scholastic halfback from Peabody . . . Mississippi said he was the best passer they had seen all season . . . thrilled the crowd with 30-yard pass interception run against Temple . . . he and Natowich did more than their share to make up for the unexpected loss of Tom Sullivan.

Kev Mulcahy, '43 — another all-scholastic back . . . specialty is speed . . . Kev flips a nice pass, too . . . a sure bet for fame in his next two years.

Andy Natowich, '43 — passer par excellence . . . a truly great artist with the pigskin . . . triple threat . . . his superb kicking with a soggy ball kept H. C. in the game with Colgate . . . exponent of the low, bouncing ball . . . sure to be an outstanding candidate for the vacant third base slot on Jack Barry's ball club.

Leo Ouellette, '43 — brother of the famous "Hank" Ouellette who recently starred for the Crusaders . . . a hard runner, Leo is a left handed passer of no mean ability . . . watch this lad as a candidate for right half next fall.

Vin McSweeney '43 — better known as the personable prexy of the Sophomore class . . . drafted to the squad in the middle of the season . . . should deliver with a little experience.

FULLBACKS

Bruno Malinowski, '41—Big "Mal," veteran fullback . . . spinal ailment cause of his failure to see much action thus far . . . exponent of the long spiral punt . . . his 72-yard boot against Brown one of his best . . . idol of all Worcester . . . remember his one-man victory over Temple in '39?

Joe Boratyn, '42—Joltin' Joe had won first-string position for himself until a fractured arm in N.Y.U. clash put him out of action for the season . . . really backs up the line, and is no slouch when it comes to bucking for yardage . . . strictly a team man.

John Grigas, '43—the hero of that 6-6 tie with Temple . . . former Chelsea performer who has made good in a big way his first year on the Varsity . . . extremely fast for his weight . . . deadly tackler on defense, sharp blocker on offense . . . his efforts up on the hill paid dividends against the Owls . . . broke away in the last period for a 26-yard touchdown jaunt to give the Crusaders a tie.

Bill McKone, '43 — held back this year with a leg injury but should go places fast next season . . . one of the fastest track men . . . many potentialities and will undoubtedly be heard from in superlatives . . .

MANAGERS

Ed Danowitz, '43—His duties this year have kept him from starring in intramural football . . . a hard worker, should make an outstanding manager.

John Casson, '42—better known as "Bud," will be senior manager next season.

Frank Casey, '41—head manager, he does his best to see that the squad is well taken care of . . . an Uxbridge product, there are few men more capable.

COACHES

Joseph Sheeketski—head coach—assistant coach under Dr. Eddie Anderson, has been chief mentor since the Doctor went West . . . has been handicapped with lack of experienced material this season but is losing only a minimum of men this year. Next season will be his year . . . a fine fellow and as capable as they come.

Edward "Moose" Krause — assistant coach—one of the biggest men on Mt. St. James . . . twice all-American at Notre Dame . . . varsity basketball coach . . . Ed is well liked by the players and is considered by all as an invaluable assistant.

John "Little Clipper" Smith—assistant coach—recalled from the life of a business man to help get the team in shape and scout opponents . . . had numerous successes at Duquesne, his last coaching position, produced one of their unbeaten teams . . . like Krause is considered one of the best scouts in the game and an asset to Holy Cross.

Bart Sullivan — track coach and trainer—has been with the Crusaders for many years . . . was a track man in his day and has produced several winning squads . . . as a trainer there are few that excell him . . . cares for his boys as a hen looks after her brood.

Albert "Hop" Riopel — freshman football coach—has complete charge of all freshman sports too . . . the boys never appreciate him until after they have passed from under his wing . . . holds down the all important position of giving the players the basic training and instruction necessary for college sports.

Tom McCabe—athletic director — one of the most important jobs on the campus . . . he arranges the schedules, looks after transportation, fills the shoes of purchasing agent and is publicity man for the team; well liked by sports writers for his interesting sidelights and stories about the personnel of the squad . . . always to be found near a typewriter, he invariably has an article in every program . . . besides arranging for their publication and sale . . . what does he like to do best? Sell tickets!

Gene Flynn—personable and capable assistant to Tom McCabe . . . a Holy Cross man through and through.

Father Phelan—faculty A. A. director . . . last named here but by no means least in the functioning of Crusader teams.

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